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THE ACROPOLIS

JANUARY
1918

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

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LITERATURE

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The Secret of the Dagger

"WHAT a handsome dagger! May I see it for just a moment, father?"

"Certainly, my dear, but be very careful of it. It is one of my pet antiques."

Margaret Ames had been assisting her scholarly father in rearranging his wonderful collection of antiques. Once a year, the quiet, dreamy, old man allowed his energetic young daughter to clean his study thoroughly. But he himself had to remove, and after the cleaning, replace his treasures. For the first time a little dagger with a finely tempered blade, about four inches in length, and a beautifully carved handle, shaped like the head of a lion, caught Margaret's attention. The head showed plainly the work of a master. It was peculiarly fitted to the handle of the dagger. The head was thrown up, the beautiful mane seemed to bristle; the wide open mouth with its gleaming white teeth caused one to shudder; while the gleaming, half-shut eyes filled one with a sense of apprehension. The teeth were pearls, the eyes rubies.

Margaret shuddered slightly as she returned the dagger to her father.

"Won't you tell me about that dagger, father?" she asked coaxingly. "I just know it has a tragic history. It gives one such a creepy sensation. You take your pipe and sit in your comfy chair by the fire, there's a dear."

With a few, swift, skillful movements, Margaret pulled over the heavy, velvet window portiers, blew out the candles, and coaxed up the hearth fire so that it threw out a warm, ruddy glow, and set shadows dancing in the room. Seating herself, Hindoo fashion on the floor, Margaret demanded that her father begin.

"Oh, just a minute. We must have the dagger right here in front of us."

Jumping up the girl snatched the dagger from the table, but just as she reseated herself, the dagger slipped from her hand, and fell with a thud to the floor. She bent forward to pick it up, but her father cried excitedly:

"Don't touch it Margaret. Look!"— he was on his knees now—"look, the head is moving."

Fascinated, the two watched the mane part, and the head slowly open sidewise, disclosing a tiny cavity in which rested—could they believe their eyes—a square of parchment.

"Father, see quickly. Has it anything written on it? Quick, father!"

With fingers trembling with eagerness, Mr. Ames picked out the precious parchment. He unfolded it, one—twice, then to his eager eyes appeared faint, but readable traces of writing.

"What is it? Can't you read it, father? Tell me! Let me see it! What ails you father?" cried Margaret, impatiently.

The old man knelt staring at the paper as though he were turned to stone. Rousing himself he picked up the dagger, examined the opening, gave a low cry of satisfaction, then disregarding his daughter's impatient inquiries, he reseated himself.

"Margie, dear, that dagger has disclosed a secret that would astound the world. Sit back, daughter, and I will tell you briefly the story of the dagger, as I received it from Lord B—, the former owner of the weapon.

"It seems that on the day of the execution of the Earl of Essex, who, you recall, was the great favorite of Elizabeth, the famous Queen of England, while apparently enjoying a lively conversation with several nobles, was informed that Essex had paid the penalty for his treason. The Queen turned a shade paler, but exhibited no

other sign of emotion at the announcement. Shortly, however, she returned to her apartments, where an agitated lady-in-waiting stood regarding an object on the table. Upon Elizabeth's inquiry, the lady explained she had just discovered a dagger on the Queen's dressing table. Elizabeth dismissed the attendant with a command to say nothing of the incident. Picking up the dagger, the Queen of England kissed it passionately. Well she knew the weapon with which her late favorite had several times playfully threatened to kill himself, if she denied him a favor. Then, throwing herself on her bed, the fair Elizabeth wept as only a sorely-grieved heart can weep.

' "My God!' she sobbed, 'I had to do it. It was my duty against my love. He knows I had to do it—Forgive me, darling. Earthly happiness was not for us—God knows, I forgive you, though I permitted your death—I vow no one shall take your place—Never, never.' Her voice died away with a sob.

"Her lady-in-waiting had lingered in the antechamber, and had been a startled, but innocent eavesdropper. She now stole softly away.

"When Elizabeth appeared at the court dinner that night, no one could have guessed from her gay banter and light laughter that she was a heart-broken woman. From that day on, however, England's Queen was changed, her step became less youthful, her gaiety seemed a trifle forced. Often she carried a silk bag around with her, and even laid it under her pillow at night. No one knew nor even suspected that his beloved Queen carried a dagger in that dainty bag. Often when alone she would eye the dagger speculatively, as though tempted to try on herself the effectiveness of the gleaming blade. But many expected that the death of Essex was the cause of her secret grief. When, at length death summoned Elizabeth before a greater throne than hers, the heart of England's Queen gave its last feeble pulsation against a silken bag, with which she had refused to part."

Mr. Ames paused, sat silent for a time, then continued:

"The bag with its mysterious contents passed into the possession of the lady-in-waiting who had first seen the dagger. According to the Queen's request, the loyal attendant refused to divulge the nature of its contents. She kept it as an heirloom for her children, to whom she repeated its story. Lord B— was a descendant of hers. He had no children of his own, so he told me the story and gave me this dagger, which has told a part of the story of which he never dreamed." The old man's voice trembled with suppressed excitement.

"Margie," he cried, unable to contain himself longer, "The *Vestal Queen of England was married. The Earl of Essex was her husband!*"

Margaret gasped, then looked incredulous.

Seeing her doubt, the old scholar continued eagerly.

"This parchment is a proof. This dagger was sent by the Earl of Essex to the Queen. I'll read the note to you:

"My Dear Queen:

"I forgive you. I have burned all proof of our marriage. I return the ring you refused to wear. I trust to God you may find this hiding place. God bless you!

Essex."

"See, Margaret, here is the ring."

Before the girl's astonished eyes, the old man drew from the dagger a plain gold wirelet, a wedding ring. The man and the girl stared at each other speeechless. Then there crept into the old man's eyes a look of sorrow.

"It seems a pity to mar her pretty title, 'Fair Vestal throned by the West,' after all these years," he murmured wistfully.

Both sat thoughtfully gazing into the fire. They realized how important was the tiny piece of parchment. Should they make public or preserve its secret? Mr. Ames loved the name of Elizabeth, who had done so much for his native land. Indeed, he felt toward her the loyalty and love he denied his own sovereign, Queen Anne. The scholar lived in the past rather than in the present. The various actors in the history of England were dear to his heart. They were his friends with whom he spent most of his time. How could he betray the secret of a dead sovereign whom he loved devotedly?

He bent toward the fire holding out the tiny paper. Margaret, realizing his motive, smiled as the parchment fluttered down into the flames. Slipping the ring on her finger, the girl snapped the head of the dagger closed.

Thus due to the loyalty of two British hearts, which beat in a modest little home in her dear London, a little over a century after her, the title, "Fair Vestal throned by the West," is still attributed to England's fairest Queen.

The Little Strategist

By Frances Grossel.

"MOTHER, I wish you would teach Tom to be more mannerly. Why, yesterday he didn't even lift his hat to Julia and me when he met us. When Mr. Wane comes to see me he passes some of the most impudent remarks."

This came from a young girl who was about to see her eighteenth birthday. The accusations were thrust at her younger brother as the family were at dinner. The mother, however, did not censure him. She was accustomed to her daughter's upbraiding of Tom's habits, appearance, manners, etc. As for dad, after he perused the evening papers and remonstrated over the mismanagement of the world, he was perfectly content to leave the talking and admonishing to the other three members of his family.

A shrill whistle resounded through the room. Tom's face was all aglow.

"There goes your faithful band of associates. Such a sound! Is there no other code of communication you can invent? Such whistling!" was Hilda's brisk remark.

"Now, sis, don't you talk about whistling. You know well, I won't say what—but you know."

Hilda was in a perfect rage. To be spoken to thus by a youngster fully five years her junior, was unbearable. Oh, why had fate given her a younger brother?

What disturbed Hilda more than anything else was the attitude her brother assumed toward her esteemed friend, Mr. Wane. Tom's remarks while he was present, not mentioning the frank opinions of him after he was gone, were mortifying. Tom detested this friend for some unknown reason. His intuition pierced the polished manners of the Hon. Archibald Wane.

There was a great deal of excitement in the Rand household. It was the night of Hilda's birthday party. She had reached her eighteenth milestone.

After Tom had been duly warned against making his appearance in the parlor, Hilda was ready to receive her guests. Tom sulkily left the house.

At eight-thirty he made his appearance, not in the parlor, however. He passed the parlor door and heard much laughing and talking.

"Gee, whiz, I wish sis wouldn't be so particular about my staying out of the parlor. I bet that party's a corker. I am going to look through the key-hole just once," mused Tom.

He was having a perfectly lovely time when lo and behold! the door opened and there stood Tom displayed to view. That he was surprised and exceedingly embarrassed is putting it mildly. He was red to the roots of his hair.

"Oh! is that your brother, Hilda?" exclaimed one of the girls in a very sweet and charming manner.

"Oh! isn't he dear?" piped another.

"Isn't he cute?" remarked a third.

And before Tom knew it, he was the center of attraction. He soon lost his embarrassment, however, and to the delight of the boys, and admiration of the girls, he displayed such vivacity and wit that everything that had been previously planned for the evening's entertainment was forgotten.

"My necklace!" called out Hilda in the midst of a very interesting game. "My pearl necklace! I had it on the table in the corner with my other birthday gifts. Now it's gone."

Immediately began a search of every nook and corner of the room. It was nowhere to be found.

The guests looked at each other in astonishment. That there was a thief in their midst was evident. All this time Tom had sat on a chair as if mute. When the search for the necklace was over, he left the room. In a few minutes he returned, holding in his hand a three-legged table about a foot high.

"Now, sis, when I tell you to turn the lights out, be ready. I am going to place this small table on that big table. Now will you all please get in line? When the lights are out each one is to touch the table. A bell, which is underneath, will ring if the person who stole the necklace touches it."

Everyone was astonished at Tom and his suggestion of a magic table. Of course, they did not believe a word of it; but they decided that they would touch the table to see what would come of Tom's little scheme.

When everyone had touched the table, the lights were turned on. Each one was asked to hold up the hand with which he touched the table. On every hand were signs of grease, save that of Archibald Wane.

And now it was Tom's turn to see the humor of an apparently ridiculous situation. He had a good laugh and then explained.

"There wasn't a bell on the table at all. It was just a plain ordinary table. I guessed that the person who stole the necklace would not take any chance and touch it. I put on some grease so that we could tell who touched it."

All eyes were on Wane. His was the only hand without grease. He, the polished, chivalrous Archibald Wane had been outdone by a mere child. After suspicion was thus fastened upon him, he was searched, the necklace was found in his pocket, and he, forever disgraced, fled from the community.

Tom, you may be sure, from that time on, was given due honor in the Rand household.

In Ye Days of Longe Ago

By Burke Boyce.

Chapter Three.

AT the twilight hour, along a familiar road in a familiar part of England the sound of hoof-beats was heard. There was an eager note in their clang, as of a wanderer hastening his horse on the homeward journey. And now a close listener might have heard the faint clink and ring of armor—evidently the unknown was a knight or squire. The shadows on the road grew deeper—a dark shape came riding out of the blackness—the figure of a well-built, tall knight, followed at a respectful distance by another figure, evidently that of a servant. The knight rode on, revealing in every move such grace and dexterity as could come only from long and successful practice in the uses of his armor and weapons. Emblazoned on his surcoat of mail was a cross, the sign of a crusader. Around his neck was a chain of gold, such as only royalty bestows—the mark of a king's favor. His face was bronzed and set—the face of a warrior. His body was supple and strong, capable of bearing the hardest blows. The knight himself, thus trained by war, the favorite of a king, coming from the crusades, was Sir Alleyne Cunningham.

Yes, he was returning from the crusades, an honored, famous knight. The accolade had been bestowed upon him by King Richard himself. He had taken part in many battles, but was finally badly wounded, and was granted permission to return to England. So now he was riding towards Banaster Castle, his heart high, and his spirit happy. He had fulfilled his ambition, and there lacked but one thing to fill his cup to overflowing. And that was—but wait till he arrives at his journey's end and you shall see.

As he rode along the road, Sir Alleyne strained his eyes in the direction of the castle, striving to catch a glimpse of its old gray walls. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

"By Saint Thomas! but that is passing strange. Hither, Wat, what make you of that red glow?"

The servant, a stout English archer, drew alongside of the knight, and viewed with alarm the phenomenon pointed out to him: the Western sky, over towards their destination, was colored with a dull red glow, which was throbbing and pulsating like some living object. Now rising, now falling, never very bright, it lit the sky, a fearsome, strange, mysterious light.

"Troth, sire, I can offer no answer save that it be a fire. Belike it is the castle!" answered the bowman.

"A murrain take thee and thy thoughts!" exclaimed Alleyene; but he showed that Wat's words had had some effect by clapping spurs to his horse and dashing ahead at full tilt, calling on Wat to follow. But the bowman's horse was not built for racing with a war-steed, and he was soon left behind in the darkness.

Forcing his horse to its utmost, hurtling over hill and through dale, sending up prayers for the safety of her whom he loved, Sir Cunningham finally drew near the fortress. And what a sight met his eyes!

There, before him, stood the castle, its buttresses and towers outlined by the red glow which lighted the scene. Around it, like some fiendish genii of other worlds, were gathered a strong troop of men-at-arms and bowmen, their steel harness shimmering in the ghastly light. All this Alleyne took in at glance. But what held his horrified gaze, and riveted him to the spot was an angry dart of flame which was licking around the nearest corner of the outer wall. Where that flame came from there was sure to be more—fairly harmless if on the outside—like the very fiend himself if on the inside. Something must be done, but what? Was he to stand there helpless while his fair one was trapped by the seething hissing flames? In an instant he was spurring straight for the outer gate of the beleaguered fortress.

In an instant the besiegers had seen him, and arrows flew around him, rattling on his armor. One shaft pierced a joint in his armor, and stuck in his shoulder, but on he rode. Would he be able to cut his way through that dense horde and reach the gate? If not, 'twould be because his life had failed. Straight for the gate he dashed, motioning to those inside the castle to lower the drawbridge. He struck the first of the enemy ranks with a thud, striking down with his sword all who opposed him. His horse, too, had caught the spirit of the fray, and bit and kicked this way and that, grinding under foot all those whom his master failed to beat down. But their progress become slower and slower. Two men were hanging on the horses bridle, and others were closing in from the rear. He leaped from his horse and renewed the combat on foot. Onward he pressed, his sword clearing his way. But a stroke from a mace bit deep into his helmet, and then a sword-thrust pierced his thigh. He was tottering, falling, when he spied the drawbridge near at hand; as he looked it began to move downward. With a hoarse shout he struggled on, such a look of desperation and fire in his face that his assailants fell back, awed. He gained the drawbridge, staggered across it.

"Let him go," shouted the attackers, "one man more can do little harm to us!"

The portcullis raised, lowered, and Alleyne had fallen half-fainting inside the castle. Old Sir Stephen himself came down to see who was the man who had so rashly undertaken to come to

their aid. He gasped as the helmet was removed, revealing Alleyne's pale and bloodless face.

"What, the son of old Sir Cunningham, the one whom my Edythe sets so much store by! How came you here? How fares thy fathers? Speak sir, I can wait but a moment."

He helped Alleyne to his feet, and in a short time, with the aid of the castle surgeon, he had restored his strength. The young knight explained everything to Sir Stephen, who was hearty in his congratulations. But they were quickly brought back to the present by fierce yells from the besiegers, and by the crackling of flames close at hand. The two knights rushed to the battlements.: It seemed that Sir Walter Briquet, tired of waiting for his money, had attacked the castle as he had threatened. Not only did he have the stronger force, but he had succeeded in placing a spy inside the walls, who had set fire to the wooden houses of the men and servants, which stood between the outer walls and the keep. But they were burning themselves out without harming the stone walls of the inner castle. The outer walls were weakened by the heat, however, and must be carefully guarded.

Alleyne and Sir Stephen passed here and there, encouraging and advising the men, placing reserves in one place, taking men from another, all the time exposed to the arrows and stones of the enemy.

Finally Alleyne plucked up courage enough to ask the question that had been trembling on his lips for some time. How fared the Lady Edythe?

"Have no fears for her sake," answered the tough old warrior. "She is———"

There was a vicious hiss, a soft thud, and the speaker fell with a crash upon the stone floor, an arrow piercing his visor. A roar of wild joy went up from the besiegers as they saw the knight fall, and with one accord they rushed toward the castle as hounds after a skulk of foxes. Alleyne, stooping, picked up the prostrate form, hurried from the battlements, across the courtyard, and into the inner rooms, where he gave him over to the care of the surgeon. Then he dashed toward the walls.

But nothing could avail now. Under the blows of a stout battering-ram, the weakened and fire-blackened walls around the gateway were crumbling. The moat had been filled with huge stones, and all looked hopeless. And indeed it was. In another moment the portcullis gave way, and the enemy poured in. After a vain stand, Alleyne called his men to follow, and ran into the inner castle. Here, for at least a few moments, they could withstand the attack. Giving orders to hold the doorway at all costs, the knight ran up the circling stairway to the rooms where he knew he would find the Lady Edythe. Scarcely stopping to knock at the door he dashed in. Yes, there were her serving maids, crouched fearfully in a corner.

"The Lady Edythe?" he shouted.

No answer. The maids, taking him for one of the enemy, screamed and fled. He darted from room to room, growing more and more frantic in his efforts. Soon he had searched every room in the castle, including the one in which Sir Stephen lay moaning upon his bed. 'Twas useless. Little cared he now for the men battering at the door. Little cared he for the threats of vengeance which faintly reached his ears. His whole world had collapsed about him, and with a sore heart he turned to face the enemy who were now rushing up the stairs. Weakly, his strength gone, did he resist. Surely and swiftly he sank beneath the blows. Blood dripped from his armor. Unresisting, he was beaten into unconsciousness—Edythe had disappeared.

* * * * *

When Alleyne next opened his eyes and looked around him, he saw nothing save four gray stone walls, with one window and a door. The window was heavily barred, and the door was studded with iron bolts. Plainly he was a captive, but where? Ah, yes, 'Twas all clear at last—the besieged castle, the fight, the awful discovery. Then he must be a prisoner of Sir Walter. If he were a prisoner, Sir Stephen must also have been taken. But why, thought Alleyne, had they not been killed outright? The answer was plain enough: Sir Briquet did not dare to kill a Crusader who appeared to be so famous, nor did he desire to kill the father of the girl he was seeking, since he must hold the only clue to her hiding place. The question was, had Edythe escaped?

At this point the youth's meditations were broken by the sound of footsteps. A moment later the door to the cell opened, and two huge men-at-arms bore in the porstrate form of Sir Stephen, his head swathed in bandages. They were followed by a third, who appeared to be a domestic servant, and who carried bread, water, and two thin straw pallets. The intruders placed their burdens upon the floor and departed, the domestic telling Alleyne to care for Sir Stephen lest he die.

Left alone with his friend, the Crusader removed his bandages and examined the wound. The arrow, coming from below, had been even further deflected by the steel visor of the helmet, so that instead of plunging straight into Sir Stephen's head, it had merely plowed a deep furrow from eyebrow to scalp above his right eye. The wound was serious, but would heal in time. Meanwhile he must curb his impatience as to the whereabouts of Edythe, for it would be fatal to the old knight to talk, or in any way exert himself. Nor was Alleyne himself in very good condition. His wound which he had received in the Holy Land had nearly reopened, and he had been hurt in several places in the recent fray.

The only thing to do was to remain quiet and await further events.

Then followed long, agonizing days of torture—when both knights were tossing with fever on their pallets, the scant supply of water barely enough to cool their parched lips—days of darkness and night, when the fate of both men hung in the balance, when their only comfort was that of an old priest who would steal in at odd times to see them. Finally they were strong enough to rise and walk abouts—Sir Stephen pacing about the narrow cell. Alleyne watching, ever watching through the window, he knew not for what. But all Sir Stephen found was weariness, and all Alleyne saw was a patch of green grass, and a strip of road—on which would pass, at infrequent intervals horsemen, rotund merchants with their goods, wandering "jongleurs" with their instruments, tottering beggars, monks journeying from one cell to another, friars of the three orders—Dominicans in black, Carmelites in white, Franciscans in gray. But never would there pass that sight for which Alleyne was yearning—a graceful girl mounted on a slender palfrey—a girl whose silken tresses rippled gold in the sunlight—a girl fair, dainty, and wondrous.

One day, though, as the youth was gazing from the window, there appeared in front of his face the forked end of a stick, bearing a slip of paper. Quick as thought the knight thrust out his hand and seized the note—for note it was. As the stick disappeared, he unfolded the paper and read its contents.

"By the rood! We are saved!! Sir Stephen, Wat, the castle, never worry, farewell to all this, by Saint Thomas, I will give that fellow a purse of gold, I always knew—then we'll—where's the —hast thy sword?—come, away—away—"

He stopped short, looked at Sir Stephen's astounded face, and burst out laughing.

"I see I must needs explain," he remarked, still laughing. "This note is from my faithful bowman, Wat. He says that he has obtained service in Sir Walter's following, and that he may pass in and out of the castle without arousing suspicion. He tells us to be ready at midnight to-night, and that we shall be saved. Now, sir, can we go in search of the Lady Edythe. God grant she be safe!"

"Nay, trouble not thyself concerning my daughter," the old warrior made answer. "She escaped from the castle when first it started to burn by way of a secret underground passage, which leads into the home of an aged monk, who has been our friends for years. She did not want to leave me, in fact, refused to go, but I told her that I would follow her if the castle fell, and that I would send for her if we were not captured. I little thought I would be struck down in such a manner—the long-bow can never be reckoned with. The only fear which I have is that, perchance, this vicious perjured archfiend who holds us may discover where she hides, and then it will require all the power of Holy Church to keep her from his grasp. But let us lay ourselves down to sleep, for we shalt be in need of rest before we finish this work, I fear."

So saying, the knight stretched himself out to sleep, his companion following his example, and there we shall leave them for a time, for our chronicle must now turn to her whom we have deserted for too long a period.

* * * * *

After her escape from the castle of her father, Lady Edythe dwelt in peace and security at the home of the holy priest whom she had known since her babyhood. Eagerly she awaited her father, the first night, while the gray-headed old monk shook his head vaguely. The night passed, and no word came, yet another night, and another. Edythe, brave as she was, began to feel fearful when she thought of what might have happened on that fatal night. She remembered that a Banaster never surrendered, never allowed himself to be captured, and shuddered to think—she knew not what.

"Oh, my father," she sobbed one day, giving vent to her grief at last, "oh, my father, my only protector, where art thou? Why hast thou left me? I have no one, no one. Poor, homeless, friendless, what is to be my fate? And thine? Wert dashed to death from the towers, wert pierced by a spear—oh, when shall this awful, terrible silence end? 'Tis like the silence of a tomb—perchance it is the tomb. Yes, it is the tomb. Thou art dead. Then no more will I mourn thee. A daughter of the Banasters must not give way to useless tears when there is work to be done. Thou art dead and gone, but thy untimely death will be avenged. Farewell, and rest in peace."

She rose from her couch, fully decided to seek out Sir Walter and kill him to avenge the death (as she supposed) of her father. But the aged monk saw her stealing forth, and, calling her back, he asked her whither she went. Finally, breaking down under the strain of anxiety and grief, she poured forth all her fears and plans. The monk chided the overwrought girl gently, telling her to wait yet awhile, comforting and consoling her.

So Edythe waited. Many, many days she waited, long weary weeks, playing upon her mandolin, and singing with infinite beauty and sadness the songs she had so often sung in her beloved castle to please her father. She put her whole soul into her voice as she sang, unaware that its silvery tones reached even the road, hidden as it was by a clump of trees, causing many a trudging wayfarer to pause and bless the one who cheered him on his way with such music. One day a knight who was riding along stopped to listen, nodded his head, turned his horse, and an instant later was knocking at the door of the monk's dwelling. The monk himself came to the door.

THE ACROPOLIS

Entered as Second-class matter October 8, 1917, at the post office at Newark, N. J., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF THE PUPILS OF THE BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL, SUBSCRIPTION BY MAIL $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 12 CENTS EACH. FOR ADVERTISING RATES ADDRESS THE BUSINESS MANAGER

Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found in the office and is for the reception of notes and personals.

VOL. XVIII. OFFICE: BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL SANCTUM, NEWARK, N. J. NO. 11

Editor, BURKE BOYCE

Associate Editor, RUTH E. CAIRNS

Business Manager, ALFRED J. LIPPMAN

Circulation Manager, ARTHUR TRIES

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PERSONALS..... *Norman H. Berry, Ch.*, *Kenneth Carrington*, *Helen Kussy*, *Virgil Pennington*, *Marion Smith*, *Charles Kellner*

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SCHOOL NEWS..... *Emma Antz, Ch.*, *Sanford Gregory*, *Estelle Kamm*, *Rose Nussbaum*

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EXCHANGES..... *Ruth Knipe, Ch.*, *Jack Bryden*, *Albert Biederman*

ART..... *Joe Brown*, *Angelena Caprio*, *Marguerite Schlueter*

Student Adviser, Irving Gibson Idler
Asst. Circulation Manager, Geo. Walhouser
Asst. Business Manager, Milton M. Manshel

NEWARK, N. J., MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1918

"LEST WE FORGET."

THE ACROPOLIS extends its best wishes for success in the exams. to every Barringerite. We have had a fine term together, and are looking forward to more. If the school will always pull together as it has done in most respects, this last few months, there will never, we are sure, be any cause for complaint on the part of either the Athletic Teams, the ACROPOLIS, or the Faculty.

But now that we have so nearly finished the term let us not forget those who have so willingly and kindly helped us through our many trials and tribulations. Let us not, in other words, forget our Faculty. There is at this time entirely too much grumbling over marks on the part of a few students; they seem to feel that their teacher is going to "flunk" them because of personal feeling. That is a ridiculous idea! Do you suppose with the hundreds of students they have every term, with the work they have to do, with new students coming in next month, with new faces around them every year, that the teachers have time to waste on such a trivial thing as a grudge? Most certainly not. Whether you pass or not depends on you, and on you alone.

So let us not try to shift the responsibility for our poor work to the shoulders of those who have been our friends so long. But let us get behind them and finish up the term in fine shape!

"—AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT."

"Obey the law and keep your mount shut" is President Wilson's injunction to enemy aliens. But while this applies first and foremost to those for whom it was intended, it may also apply to a High School.

There are many of us who have friends or relatives in the service. We know where those boys are, and are proud to know. We receive letters saying that such a boat sailed at such a date, or that such a troop was going to "go over."

We know when our own particular friend sails, what company and regiment he is in, and perhaps much more news about his company's movements and positions.

Naturally, we are very proud to have such knowledge, and more proud to have such a brother or friend. So we casually tell everyone whom we meet while roaming the corridors all the latest news. Where the boy is. When he sails. What sort of equipment he has, and everything else that might make an envious schoolmate remark, "That sure is fine."

But do we ever know how far those reports of ours may go? How can we be sure that they may not reach the ears of some enemy alien, who will not feel any scruples in using them to the advantage of our enemies. We do not mean for a moment that there is a single person in Barringer who is not whole-heartedly American. We know, you know, everyone knows, that there is not a disloyal thought inside these gray walls. But that does not prevent the news we may give out from traveling. We all know that nothing goes faster than important news. It may be carried innocently from one person to another until it reaches the ear of one who has never even seen our school. You may be overheard on the street, in a car, in the theatre, anywhere. What you tell to your chum to-day may be overheard to-morrow by a rabid pro-German. If you will think for a few moments you will see that what we have said is entirely true and possible.

The safest way is "keep still." Sacrifice your pride a bit and stop taking chances with the lives of our boys. One small bit of news may be the means of sinking a transport. So if you are a good American, and we know you are, "keep your mouth shut."

Honor Roll

4A Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Walter Weinberg.
Room 65. Barbara Thornton, Mildred Turner, Pauline Wesser.

4B Room 32. Dorothy Gorham, Gertrude Murray.
Room 56. Morris Berg, Joseph Costanzo, Joseph Crecca, Dudley Foster.
Room 61. Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardner, Mary Glover, Mary White.

3A Room 25. Edith Miller, William Fleishfarb.
Room 41. Edmund Cox.
Room 66. Dorothy Prell, Edith Van Houten.

3B Room 37. Rose Stammelman.
Room 51. Elizabeth Bolland.
Room 55. Edward King, Garrett Stearly.
Room 63. Anna Kabis, Charles Amsterdam.

2A Room 33. Charles Brewer.
Room 59. Frances Gordinier, Florentine Jauss, Clara Muller, Jeanne Wickner.

2B Room 42. Eda Ahr, Gertrude Meister, Celia Nolbert, Lena Olshan, Matilda Strasburger, Marion Thompson.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Lucille Jessuran, James P. Kearney, Helen Sickel.
Room 45. Mary Meeker, Katherine Wicks, Philip Nohemie.
Room 67. Anna De Hart, Anna Dempsey, Louise Durand, John Cairns, Sherman Corwin, Roger Terrill.
Room 85. Ruth Fisher, Theora Lytle.

1A Room 60. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsop, Katherine Duguid, Doris Lindsay, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner, Joseph George, Max Mareiniso, Carl Wieland.
Room 69. Florence Meyerson, Helen Poppke, Mabel Scherwin, Robert Tebus.
Room 75. Charles Caddock, Harry Haussling.
Room 83. Emelie Eckel, Evelyn Thompson.
Room 86. Irving Bortnicker.

1B Room 39. Mary Crowe, Ida Dill.
Room 81. Helen Finn, Frances Kolodin, Dorothy McCance, Irene Murphy, Blanche Nixon, Margarita Slater.
Room 87. Mary Margaret Barr, Margaret Kohn, Stuart Blodgett, Jennie Muchmore.
Room 91. Fred Frost, Israel Kasowski.
Room 92. Bessie Grossbach, Helen Stone.
Room 93. Emma Ziegler.
Room 95. Annie Dillingham.

Omitted from October record:

4B Room 32. Olvinia McKenna.

Omitted from November record:

4B Room 32. Camilla Browning, Isabel Harper, Gertrude Murray, Dorothy Gorham, Dorothy Van Ness, Helen Verpillier.

SCHOOL NEWS

EMMA ANTZ, *Ch.*
SANFORD GREGORY
ESTELLE KAMM
ROSE NUSSBAUM

SNOW BALLS FROM THE STORM.

By Macdonald Osborne.

(Thinking that our school-mates would like to know the exact truth about conditions in and about the school during the day of the big blizzard, we sent our special correspondent to obtain data concerning such facts. The following is the report which he handed in under the above name. Although some of the remarks might be questioned as to their verity, we print them nevertheless, hoping you may get some information and amusement from them.—The Editor.)

ON the day after the blizzard I started for school a little before the usual time, as Mr. Stearns had said to do, and went to the corner to wait for a car. But as none came, I decided that the walking was "very fine," and turned my steps toward my beloved Alma Mater. I took to the middle of the track where the cars had once run, as that seemed to offer less resistance. Soon I was joined by other B. H. S. folk, and we began to look like an Indian war dance, all slipping and hopping along in line.

Well, we finally got to school, and the first person I saw was Mr. Taylor. He had gotten along finely, he said, as he had ridden his pony all the way.

I went up to my room, and took off my things. Then, wanting to see what the snow looked like from the inside of the building, I looked out of

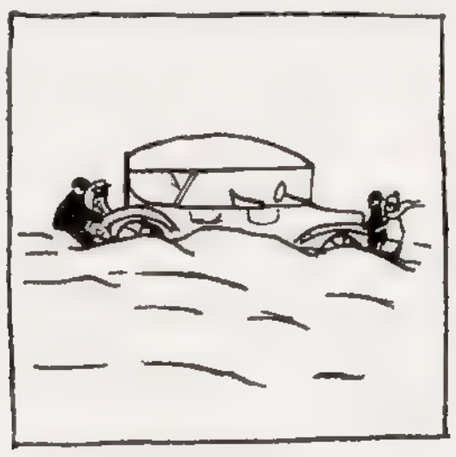
a window. And who should I see coming down the street but Herr Nicklas. He was plowing a wide swath through the snow as he walked, and several little 1B's had taken advantage of his kindness, and were following in his wake.

Glancing out in the other direction, my eye fell upon a curious object moving through the snow. What was it? See, it came nearer.

Heavens! a periscope! Submarines in the lake? The thing approached slowly, a thin, upright, dark line against the white background. I closed my eyes in horror. A moment later I opened them again. Could it be possible? Yes, it was. I could see plainly by this time. Cutting his way through the snow, all unconscious of the excitement he was causing, came—Mr. Dann!

Next I wended my way to the office, where I perceived a motley crew of pupils, assembled to hear the latest returns from the firing line. Mr. Stearns, it seemed, had started to school in his auto but had not arrived, so that great excite-

ment prevailed. Finally the office managed to get some news of him by telephone. It seems that he had met Miss Pullin, and had offered her a ride. Then he had given a lift to his daughter, Charlotte, and Edythe Green. (He almost passed them without seeing them. Had it not been for their bright coats, they would have been lost.) With this load he had essayed the awful trip. But the strain had been too much on the faithful old auto, which inconsiderately nestled down into



a snow-drift and refused to budge; reports had it that the party had tried persuasion on the critter, but it had declined to move. We all missed the presence of our noted Principal.

Miss Romer likewise started to school in her Ford, but got lost among the huge and mountainous ruts. She finally reached the top of a large drift, where she decided to stay until help arrived, or until the snow should melt.

Miss Richards said that she enjoyed every step of the way. (Wild rumors were started to the effect that she might have ridden.)

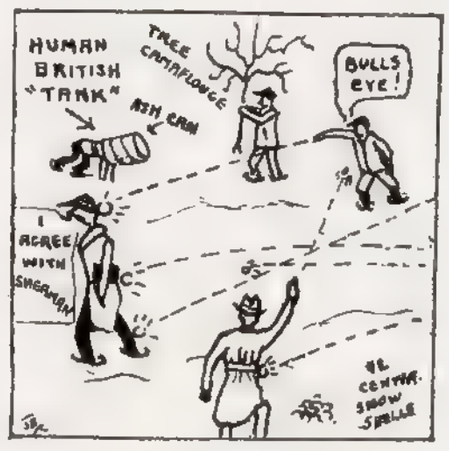
I thought that surely Monsieur Milwitzky would arrive, for he's such a game fellow. But alas and alack! He was found the next day by a search party, nearly buried in the snow, and quite unable to move. He was uninjured, however, and vented his feelings next day by giving all his classes a test.

And last but not least Mr. Barr meandered in. He had managed to arrive safely, but the blowing snow particles had caught in his moustache and frozen, so that he had to be thawed out before he could talk. He left quite a pool of melted snow in the office.

Finally Mr. Stearns telephoned that there would be no school that day. Everybody went wild, of course. Especially the 1B's, who ran around frantically, tripping everybody up.

A group of boys utilized the platform for jubilee purposes.

Another bunch started to dance in the Gym, but Miss Patrick, always mindful of the proprieties which make life wretched, asked them to stop, as there would be no chaperon after she left.



So we all started home again, tramping through the paths, and through the snow, winding in and out, calling to each other, snowballing, and generally enjoying ourselves.

All concerned agreed that it was the most successful school day ever known.

BOOST THE ROSTRUM!

Students, when Barringer, through the medium of the Rostrum, offers you a fine opportunity to learn to speak well in public, why don't you come out and take it? No matter what you are going to do when you have finished High School—whether your destination be home, business, or college—there will be many times when you will wish, "Oh, if I had only overcome this nervousness! I'm so afraid to meet these people;" or "How I wish I had nerve enough to get up and tell this crowd what to do! *I* know just how to act in an emergency like this, but I can't for the life of me stand up and talk." Or you may even acquire enough fame in your business or profession to be asked to make a speech about your work. You may be sure you will regret it if you have to refuse such an invitation solely because you don't know how to talk.

If you will only come out and join the Rostrum, you can be pretty sure that you will be given an opportunity to overcome any nervousness or defects of speech which you may have. Although membership is open to Juniors and Seniors only, all Barringerites are welcome at the debates, which are always announced in the auditorium a day or two before they take place.

A debate which should be of interest to all loyal Barringerites will take place between this school and South Side next spring. This contest is one in a series of debates which are conducted every spring by the Interscholastic Debating League. Barringer defeated Central last year, but was licked by South Side. Now, the only way we can keep this school from whipping us again is to put on our team the very best material in the school, and certainly, we can't get this best material if only a few loyal members of the Rostrum try for the team. Every Barringerite who has any ability at all as a speaker should come out at the trials, which will be held some time this month and which are open to boys and girls of any grade. The subject which you should be prepared to debate, or speak on, is "*Resolved,* that at the close of the present war universal military training and service should be the fixed policy of the nation."

On January 3, several members of the Rostrum debated on this subject in Room 51. The affirmative side was upheld by De Warren Barnett, Kenneth Carrington and Norman Berry, and the negative by Arthur Triess. The debate, which was a rather spirited one, was won by the affirmative.

Another interesting debate was held on December 13. Irving Idler, speaking for the negative, managed to out-talk Angelina Caprio on the affirmative and win the debate, which was on the subject, "*Resolved,* that the United States Government should fix the price of foodstuffs."

AAAA.

Pretty soon we shall say "Good-bye 4A's." Now, however, we must just look at them, and wonder. The 4A's are the busiest people on earth, at present. With Class Day coming on the 24th and Commencement on the 28th, there are lots of things to do. The rest of us must just wonder though for all plans are secret and now 4A's are associated with nothing but whispers, mad rushes, and heads bent over books. If you look at them with envy, they say, "You are the lucky one! You can stay here and enjoy Barringer a little while longer." We wonder who *are* the lucky ones.

CHRISTMAS PLAY.

The day before school closed for the holidays the Thalians entertained the school by the presentation of a clever playlet called, "The Christmas Tale." Estelle Gibson, Betty Berry, Joe Brown and Joe Wludyka, showed us what the real Thalian ability is like. We certainly all agree that it was fine acting. We cannot help admitting that it takes real acting for an ordinarily fidgety person to stand motionless, for a length of time in the face of an auditorium full of fellow students.

We all enjoyed the play and wish to thank all who aided in the presentation.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

On December 21st we held our annual Christmas assembly. The program, which proved to be a most interesting one, was as follows:

1. Carol—"There's a Song in the Air," *Harrington*
   The School.
2. Solo—"Long Ago There Were Some Shepherds" ..... *Vande Water*
   Miss Myra Kohn.
3. Carol—"We Three Kings of Orient Are," *Traditional*
   The School.
4. Play—"A Christmas Tale."
   Thalians.
5. Carol—"'Tis Christmas Day".... *Old Welsh*
   High School.
6. Solo and Chorus—"The Birthday of a King," *Neidlinger*
   Masters Coffin, Kolb, Stewart, Hansen.
   The School.
7. Selection—"Melodie" ..... *Freml*
   Orchestra.
8. Carol—"Midnight Masse"..... *Traditional*
   High School.
9. Chorus—
   a. *"Dors la Colomba"* ..... *Alsatian Carol*
   b. "The Angels and Shepherds," *Bohemian Carol*
   Glee Clubs.

A A A

At the special meeting of the 3A class on December 21, it was announced that a soldier, Corporal Kelly, of Texas, has been adopted by the class. The 3A's are proud of the fact that they are the first class in Barringer to have done anything of the sort. A report was given regarding the contents of a Christmas box which was sent to Corporal Kelly. A resolution was also adopted to the effect that as many "W. S. S." as the class could afford would be purchased. Miss Helen K. Kussy was elected ACROPOLIS representative, after which the meeting was adjourned.

GERMAN CLUB.

The monthly meeting of the German Club was held on Thursday, December 17, 1917, in Room 76. The president reported that there was $28.65 in the treasury.

A motion was made and carried that the German Club give $10 for German records. The president appointed Miss Bass, Mr. Nicklas, Mr. Crosse and H. Schaffer, a committee to buy records.

Mr. Nicklas gave an illustrated talk on Tannhauser. Several records from Tannhauser were rendered.

The 1A Civics classes have set a fine example before the school by doing a good deed that was not merely a duty, but an act of love and kindness. These classes visited the Home for Crippled Children a few weeks before Christmas, and were so interested that they decided to bring to the school on the day before the holidays a collection of books, toys, etc., for the children. The presents were then take nto the Home, where they brought Christmas cheer and happiness to many a less fortunate boy or gir lthan the givers.

CHRISTMAS VISITORS

We were glad to see those of our schoolmates who were able to get back from the training camps in the Christmas recess. They all looked as if they were enjoying life and were impatient to get to the trenches.

Judd Neal was back from Anniston, where he is in the Military Police. He says he is feeling fine, and he looks it too. He says not to talk about the "Sunny South," to him. He never saw a colder place than Anniston.

J. Warner Bellah was back from North Toronto, where he is in the Royal Flying Corps. He says he hates to be under the British flag, but the English equipment and methods are superior to the American. He is learning to run an aeroplane, and hopes to get his commission soon.

Bob McChesney was also here and reported that he is enjoying life in the navy, and is feeling fine.

SENIOR BOTANY NOTES.

Christmas vacation, like all other vacations, was thoroughly enjoyed by all the students of Barringer, but especially by some members of the Senior Botany Class; for on December 27th, they went to New York with Miss Romer. In the forenoon they visited the Natural Museum of History and in the afternoon they went to the Green Houses in Bronx Park. This was the first visit of some of the members and so was not only enjoyable, but also instructive.

AUDITORIUM EXERCISES.

A series of talks on "Russia" was prepared at the beginning of the term by members of the History classes. Several of these talks were given in October and November and one in December, when Edythe Green gave Frank Crane's editorial on "Class Spirit in Russia." On January 7, Elsie Brown gave a talk on "Leon Trotzky."

On January 8, Elizabeth MacArthur recited the poem "A New World," by Laurence Binyon.

FACULTY ENGAGEMENTS!

The ACROPOLIS wishes to extend its best wishes to the following members of the Faculty who have announced their engagements:

Miss Regina McGrath and Mr. Daniel Nester, of our Faculty.

Miss L. Stanley to Mr. Arthur Segrell, of Roseville.

Miss L. Karr to Mr. Richard P. Millburn.

Mr. H. S. Snavely to Miss Anna Reinke.

A 1B OCCASION.

Mr. Noll (looking for the model of the heart) —Someone has stolen my heart. Fenton, will you please go and see if you can find it?

Ah, examination time is nigh,
All heave a heavy sigh.
But if you've done your best,
You'll surely stand the test.
But if you've not
Begin and cram a lot.

PRO PATRIA

AGNES POOLE, *Ch.*
HELEN SHEEHAN

GRACE CAIRNS
ROBERT BISHOP

WAR SAVING.

Although Barringer responded nobly to the Second Liberty Loan and subscribed for a large number of bonds, there were still many students in the school who did not feel that they could pay for a bond all at once, or even on the installment plan, but yet wished to lend something to the Government. But now a new method has been inaugurated, whereby small sums of money may be directly lent to the United States Government. Thrift and war-saving stamps have been created.

The price of thrift stamps is twenty-five cents. At the time of the purchase of the first stamp the investor is given a cardboard booklet, wherein are places for sixteen stamps. When filled, the card costs the owner four dollars. If taken to an official agency it may be exchanged for a war saving certificate on the payment of twelve cents. This certificate is the Government's note for five dollars due on January 1, 1923. The owner may register his certificate in his own name which merely means that it can be redeemed only at the agency from which it was issued. Otherwise the war certificates are redeemable at any agency. The price of a war savings stamp is $4.12, until the end of January. Thereafter one cent each month will be added to the cost, merely representing the loss of interest earned by the investment.

At present both thrift and war savings stamps may be bought from Mr. King, in Room 26, any night after school. So far Barringerites have responded very well with an average sale of $125 per week. But let us live up to the Thrift Pledge we took recently and bring the sales for February up to $200 per week.

Frank Leslie Brown

Frank Leslie Brown, a former Barringer pupil, killed in action at the Battle of the Marne, August, 1914. Frank Leslie Brown, more familiarly known as "Less Brown," entered Barringer, February, 1914. He completed the term and during summer vacation joined the Canadian Expeditionary Forces Overseas. Brown was killed in the Battle of the Marne, the first battle in which he participated.

THAT NEW STAR.

Recently a new star took its place on the Barringer "service flag." Its coming brought to the school a sense of mingled pride and sorrow, for it meant that the first member of our beloved faculty had gone to take active part in the war for freeedom. Mr. Jayson left Barringer, early in December, for Washington, where he became a scientific research worker. From there he was sent to Fort Slocum to be made physically fit for his work by heaving coal and doing other such pleasant tasks. It is expected that he will very soon leave for France, to take up research work there.

We are sorry, yes, for we are losing a merry comrade, as well as an excellent teacher, but we are glad and proud, too, for we feel that Barringer has given to her country one who will serve well.

That new star may soon be joined by similar ones. Yes, Barringer is giving! And she is proud to do it.

THE Y. M. C. A. DRIVE.

Under the circumstances Barringer made a very creditable showing in the Y. M. C. A. drive. The Red Cross, Surgical Dressings and various other patriotic activities have met with a generous response on the part of the pupils. When an appeal was made by the Y. M. C. A., Barringer was not found wanting. The pledges which were signed by both boys and girls consisted of a promise to earn or save ten dollars within the next five months. As it was impossible for some to either earn or save the entire ten dollars, groups of pupils were formed in which everyone promised to contribute a specified amount. A choice was given as to whether the money should go to the American forces or to the Allied prisoners in the prison camps of Germany or Austria. Many Barringerites showed true and broad sympathy by devoting their contributions to the aid of starving French and Russian prisoners within the prison camps of Austria.

GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

The total number of knitted articles completed by the end of December was 361.

Not previously acknowledged are:

Sweaters.

Janet Anderson, Sara Applebaum, Isabella Allen, E. Ahr, Dorothy Baldwin, Miss Brettle, Sophie Coppersmith, Rose Dickinson, Winifred Ethridge, Aime Falconer, Pauline Flaacke, Eleanor Groves, Miss Grork, Francis Handler, Eunice Johnson, Catherine Johnson, Thelma Johnson, Louise Jacobus, Mildred Furman, Ida Kaplan, Ruth Kelly, Helen Lanzetta (5), Olga Langenecker, Martha Meier, Clara Mueller, Elline Moffatt, Mildred Mershon, Estelle Riordan, Elizabeth Rooney, Selma Schaffer, Anna Schoeck, Nancy Spallone, Marion Smith, Adeline Seiber, Elsie Steinmetz (2), Miss Thorp, Anna Todaro (2), Agnes Todaro, Teresa Walsh, Lillian Wandlung, Muriel Williams, Marie Wolf, Katherine Wotz (2), Helen Atz.

Socks.

Mary Cairns, Louise Durand (2), Margaret Durand, Aime Falconer (2), Hortense Fish (2), Elizabeth Foster, G. Griffith, Miss Hill (2), Kittie Kroto (2), Winnie Kroto, E. Schell, Catherine Williams, Teresa Walsh, Helen Atz.

Mufflers.

Grace Held, Pauline Flaacke, Hilda Rizzolo, Hannah Rudnitzky (2), Jeanner Weckner, Marietta Cicenia, Sylvia Rosenstein, Marie Powers, Ethel Carter.

Trench Caps.

Eleanor Hagaman, Gladys Paulus, Charlotte Silverstein (2), Teresa Walsh, Katherine Wotiz (4), Katherine Sayre (2), Helen Atz.

Helmets.

Helen Branin, Bernice Cooper, Isabelle Freeman, Bessie Johnson, E. Quackenbush, Julia Ryan (2), Christina Russell, Miss Thorp, M. Walsh, Mary Wagner, Edith Van Houten, Charlotte Silberstein.

Wristlets.

Mildred Ammerman (2), Alice Beams (2), Bernice Cooper (2), Gertrude Doyle (2), Ruth Fisher (2), Aime Falconer, Mary Fisher (2), Marjorie Flaacke (2), Isabelle Freeman, Ethel Gansler, Francis Handler, Caroline Howe, Isabel Harris, Eleanor Hagaman, Alice Johnson, Kittie Kroto, Winnie Kroto, Ruth Kelly (2), Helen Kussy (2), Theora Lytle (2), Helen Lanzetta, Myrtle McNeil, Elline Moffatt (2), Theresa Moretti, Gertrude Murphy, Elizabeth McArthur (2), Agnes McGrath, Dorothy McCance, Martha Meier (2), Hariette Newkirk, Rosalind Rhinehardt, Celina Rowe, Elizabeth Rooney, Miss Rudd, Julia Ryan (2), Elizabeth Schell (2), Anna Schoeck, Jeanne Weckner (2), Julia Summonta, Rebecca Siegel, Miss Stanley, Helen Sickle, Elsie Steinmetz, Florence Taylor (2), Emma Taylor, Helen Taylor, Mary Wagner, Marie Wolf, Muriel Williams (2), Florence Wandlung, Lillian Wandlung, Mildred Wintermute, Alene Barlow (2), Helen Walsh.

ADDITIONS TO SERVICE FLAG.

During the past two months three stars have been added to our service flag, which hangs in the auditorium. Bert Barling, who has enlisted in the Mounted Military Police, is in Anniston, preparing for France. Donald Jones has joined the Marine Corps. He is in North Carolina training for "Over There." Burnett Seidenberg, who has joined the Medical Corps, is the first Barringerite in this department. He is at Walter Reed General Hospital, Takoma Park, D. C. He writes that it is a great life he is living, and that he is studying hard.

NORMAN H. BERRY, *Ch.*
KENNETH CARRINGTON
HELEN KUSSY

VIRGIL PENNINGTON
MARION SMITH
CHARLES KELLNER

THINGS THAT WON'T BE SEEN THROUGH THE LARGEST TELESCOPE.

A B. H. S. girl who don't fuss.
Berry when not laughing at his own jokes.
Idler when not bluffing.
Mr. Barr without a smile.
Barringer without a detention room.
The ACROPOLIS without a personal department.

SPEAKING OF CONSERVATION.

Teacher—Why are you unprepared?
Stude—I've joined the brain conservation league!

COMPREHENSION.

Little Tommy—What is meant by beastly weather?
Father—When it is raining cats and dogs.
—*Ex.*

Miss Thorpe—Why did the English object to Milton's tracts on divorce?
Miss Brown—Because they weren't far enough advanced to appreciate the value of divorce.

What are you knitting, my pretty maid?
She purled, then dropped a stitch,
A sweater or a sock, she said,
And darned if I know which.—*Ex.*

A NEW YEAR'S WISH TO THE UNITED STATES.

I wish you food,
I wish you coal,
I wish you gold in store,
I hope the Kaiser soon gets licked,
What can I wish you more?

Hurrah for the flag of the free!
It's the only flag for me,
May it always wave,
In the land of the brave,
This flag of democracy!

HEARD AT AN ACROPOLIS MEETING.

Gee, Riker is vain, he looks into every glass that he passes—maybe he wants to see if he's all there.

Sullivan—Do you want a good time for a dollar?
Helen Kussy—Yea.
Belle—Buy an Ingersoll.

A NEW YELL.

Yea Coal ($6.75 a ton).
Yea Coal ($7.00 a ton).
Yea Coal ($6.75+$7.00=$15.75).

Teacher (to Stude studying English History in Class)—Stop studying that history.
Stude—I wasn't studying history, I was studying Canning!

Mr. Losee (to Yankowsky reciting in a low voice)—I didn't hear what you said.
Yank—I didn't say it yet.

AN EPIC POEM.

By Old Man Experience.

She waited in vain for a Clifton car,
Her heart went pit-a-pat,
"I have never been late to school," she cried,
"And I don't know where I'm at."
Alas! an hour she stood in vain,
No car did she behold,
From out her eyes the tears did rain,
And her feet felt very cold.
"I cannot go home," the maiden sobbed,
"My mother will scold me,
And I cannot go to school
Because, I tardy then shall be."
So the maiden turned her little face,
And to a show she tripped,
At twelve o'clock she came to school,
Of adventure she had sipped.

But oh, alas, the principal,
To home did telephone
Why Mary had not been to school.
That morn, where had she gone?
When Mary, full of self-esteem
Paternal dwelling reached,
Mama some questions her did ask.
And Mary's conscience bleached.
Now Mary starts at 7 A. M.
To school she gets at eight,
When her friends ask her to go with them,
She cries: "No, I'll be late."
Moral:—Walk to school, your feet "to the contrary notwithstanding" or "Put not thy trust in a Clifton."

Chief (to Wollman who is an extra man in the "four" formation)—Drop back and be the colonel (kernel) that's part of a nut, you know.

The Barringer Lunch Room is said to have several meatless days every week, but "Fat" Veale in constantly to be seen around the school!

Teacher—In what part of what century did the English settle in Australia?
Miss Rudnitzky—In the *western* part.

Tom Schneider (in English)—If you steal something you get *more* enjoyment out of it than if you asked for it!

GOAT GRABBERS.

People who study aloud in study period, especially when one has four hours' work to do in three-quarters of an hour.

Miss Walker (translating)—One day in the night—

Teacher (in English)—Give some of Milton's works.
(Whisper—Il Penseroso.)
Bluffer—Il Trovatore.

Palmer (in Physics)—We are actually falling forward on our backs!

Miss Liebe (in English)—Did you say that public speakers begin with an *antidote?*

O—Say, how does your mother get you up in the morning?
H—Oh, she plays the "Star Spangled Banner" outside my bedroom door.

Two famous initials are B. B.,
For they stand for Burke Boyce can't you see?
He's well known in school
And his work, as a rule,
Is fine, for a bright lad is he.

Teacher—Herbert Antz, you never get anything right unless it's feminine. You do get the feminine nouns declined correctly!

Hock (in Chemistry)—First, we made a neutral solution of two acids!

Miss Sayre—Where did you start to study History, Dot?
Miss Van Ness—I started at the time of the Revolution.

Berry—Say, Irv, if I had the drag you had I'd hang myself.

COPY FOR A "SCHOOL NEWS" EXAM.

Aspirant—Every one enjoyed himself till the fruit salad and cakes were served!

HEARD IN THE LUNCH ROOM.

Kuhnle—Gee, I think that egg was awfully old.
Roberts—Yes, but don't you see, all the young hens have been killed, and an old hen laid it.

FROM A 1B EXAM.

The place was taken by storm and thunder.
A wife is the upset (opposite) of her husband.
Gibraltar is known as the keyhole of England.
When the form of the verb is changed it is called congregation.
Queen Victoria ruled for sixty years. She was the longest sovereign that ever ruled in England.

! IN MEMORIAM !
One of Berry's would-be
JOKES.

25.

Mr. Mezger (after a brilliant recitation)—Now, I want you to remember this when I ask you *next term!*

DECEMBER 31, 1917.

A—Can you tell me something that is cheap.
B—Yes. Diaries for 1917!

1st—That new recruit must be a bookkeeper.
2nd—Why?
1st—Well, he tried to put his bayonet behind his ears!

Prof.—Did I give that definition?
Stude—Yes, sir.
Prof.—Then it's good.

Teacher—Why are angels represented as feminine?
Pupil—Because the devil is represented as masculine.

Miss Darnell (to the class)—Don't pretend to breathe half the day.

IN ENGLISH.

Miss Grork—What kind of a greeting did Lady Macbeth give her husband?

I. Kalb—Well—it wasn't the greeting of a husband and wife—but real loving.

Teacher—Will you run through Act IV?

THE FIRST TIME.

He—May I see you home?
She—I'll send you a picture of it.

Miss Darnell (at 3 o'clock)—Sit down Miss Lanzetti, I was trying to see you.

Teacher—Don't marry a man who smokes tobacco.

Miss Sayre—Then we would all be old maids.

TO THE PERSONAL BOARD—TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME!

(With apologies.)

Gather ye personals, while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And the joke that makes us laugh to-day,
To-morrow may set us crying!

We understand that Al Leake's greatest ambition is to be a plumber, so that in the future he will be qualified to tend to all the little Leak(e)'s.

Teacher (to Miss Gross in knitting class)—Don't knit, the only thing that you can knit here is your brow!

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And it's blame scarce, too.—*Ex.*

The other day
Pa gave me a lecture
For using slang.
Before the "governor"
Got through with me,
He had me,
"Down in the mouth."
I said:
"Well you might,
Just as well
'Cut the comedy.'
'Snow again'
I don't get your drift."
But dad seemed
Kind of "peeved,"
And he walked out.
"Gee, whiz," it "gets my goat,"
When people say,
That I use
"Slang."

(With apologies to the "Lost Chord.")

I sat alone in detention
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my hand went up to my mouth,
To stop a noisy sneeze.
I know not why I was wicked
Or why I had been sent there
But there was one thing, about which I was sure
That I was in for fair.

I heard my comrades talking
Gaily about a show,
And I felt very gloomy,
To think that I could not go.
And I sat and thought of my troubles
And wished that I had kept still,
And when my hour was up I left;
I'll be good, for I've had my fill.

Stude (in Physics, 3A)—How do you change pound to grams?

Other Stude (3B)—Weigh them.

Mr. Noel (in Physics)—What happens to the food in the body to produce heat?

Miss Gray—It is cooked.

We wonder what would happen if one of the Florida Keys were mislaid.

Kellner—What's your nationality?
Sullivan—Irish.
Kellner—What is your birth stone?
Sullivan (savagely)—A brick.

Jennings, a chap in our school,
May be seen anywhere as a rule,
With his little Ford car,
He can go near and far,
Because it is really a jewel.

Teacher (to a disorderly young girl)—Young lady, you attract too much attention.

Injured Innocence—Well, how can *I* help it if I'm so attractive?

Tom Savage—Why are New Year's resolutions like Christmas toys?

"Eddie"—I know, 'cause they are easily made and quickly broken.

HEARD IN 51.

Bright—Who draws a girl under the mistletoe but doesn't kiss her?

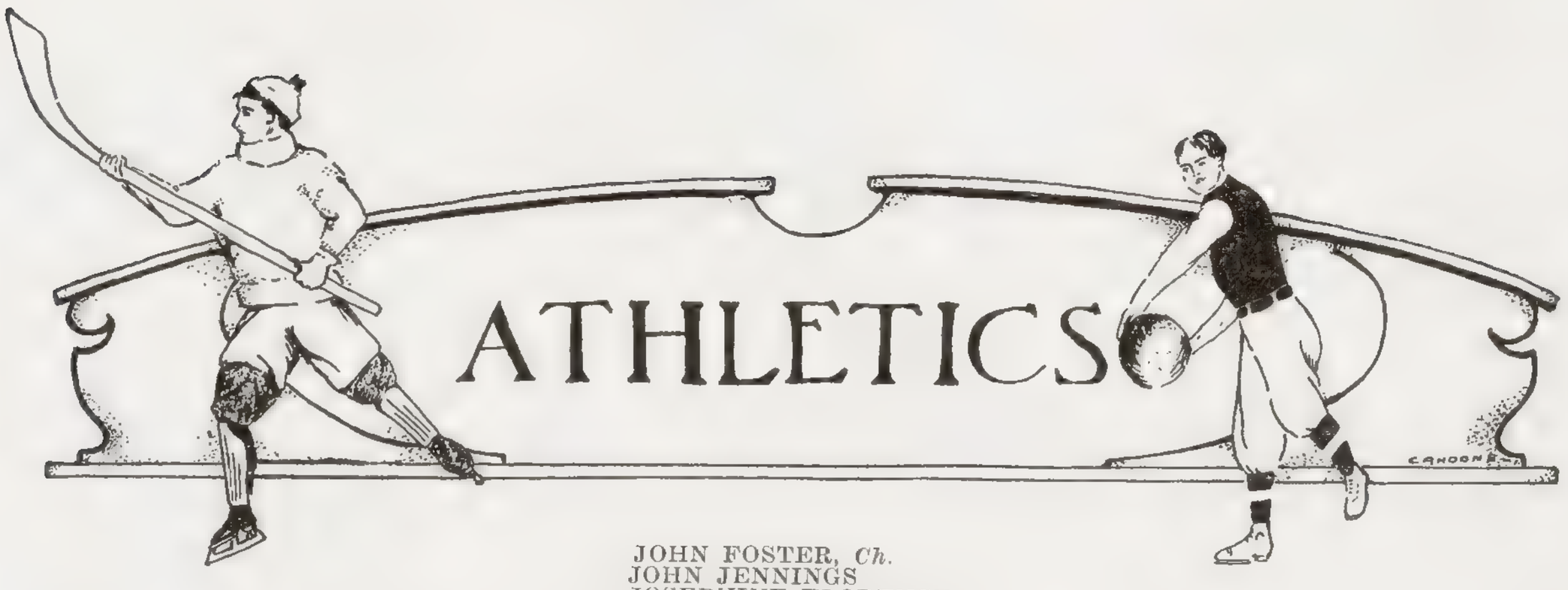
Stupid—There ain't no such thing.

Bright—Sure there is, a cartoonist.

Blackie—Hey Bill, what part of the plum pudding does a lawyer like the best?

Breese—D'no.

Blackie—Why, the suet (it).



JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*
JOHN JENNINGS
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE
LOUIS KUHNLE
DOROTHY DUNCAN

BEST TRACK OUTLOOK IN YEARS.

According to Coach Fields, this year's track team will be much better than last year's team, and who more capable of judging than he?

Due to Coach Fields' unceasing efforts the armory drill shed has been secured for our track's "hopes" to practice in. The indoor season will be a short one, serving rather for the developing and training of the men than for anything else.

But to get down to the real stuff. The prospects are bright, exceedingly so.

There is a large squad out of new men as well as several of last year's stars. Coach Fields intends to divide his squad of new men into divisions so that by placing a veteran in charge of a squad, the new men may learn the fundamentals sooner.

Our sprinters are fair. Mackim and Turner are both back showing their old time form. Shackelford is showing fine style in the two-twenty, probably because he is being hard pushed by Poole.

In the quarter-mile we have Gibbons and Keller, either one of whom can step a fast 440. Wastroff is the only veteran half-miler, but his improvement during last season surely ought to place him in shape to break records this year.

In the long distance all new men are being tried out, most of the recruits being from the cross-country team.

The field events, however, will be our stronghold as usual. In the hurdles we have Foster and Minster, both veterans. Captain Foster especially is showing fine form for this time of the year.

The high jump, senior, will be taken care of by Gregory, while King will try to hold down the laurels in the junior event.

Walton is the star pole vaulting performer, although he is being given a good race by Del Powa, a junior.

In the weight events we are well fortified, having Kulmele, Frazier, Carangelo, and Addonizio, all veterans of last year.

But taking it all in all, the outlook is good, although new men are needed in all of the events. There are, however, several good runners in Barringer, who are not out for practice, boys who don't know, perhaps, how good they really are. Stars are needed so come out and try. Coach Fields cannot stop to look you up, but he can tell a good runner when he sees one. Come on out and let him convince you of that. And, Juniors, don't forget that your points count as much as do those of the Seniors, and that good Juniors make good seniors. And above all, remember that you can only be "canned" once, so come out and try. Show us some of your speed!

NO HOCKEY?

Why is there no hockey? Is there no spirit? The ice is there and we have the "puck chasers" but still we have no team.

There was a time in Barringer athletics when we had excellent hockey teams, why not now? Come on! Get a hockey stick and come out. It's good fun.

BOWLING.

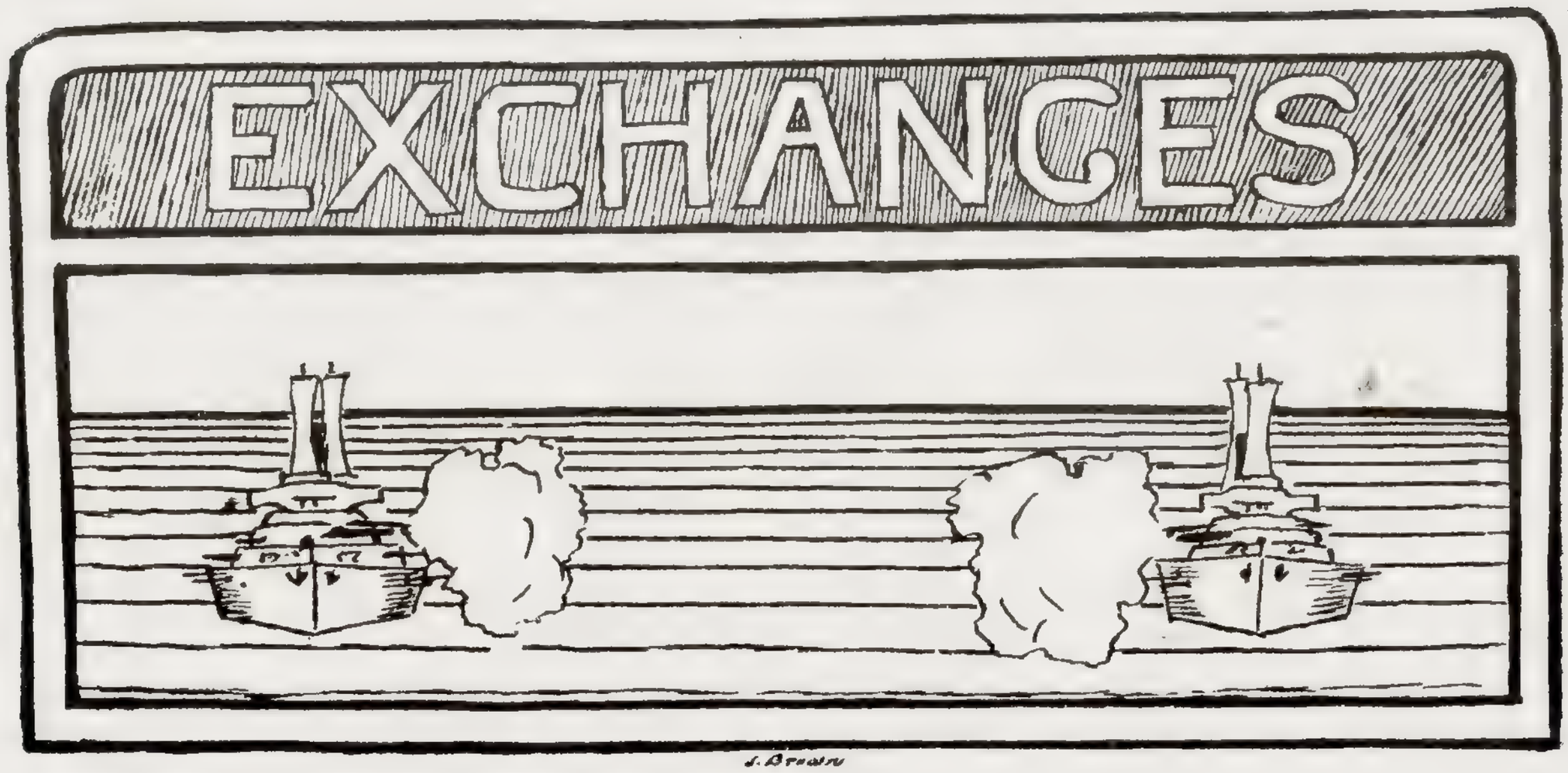
Due to the present condition, no endeavor has been made to have a bowling team. It is solely the lack of facilities that holds us back. We have an abundance of good material, but we have no alleys.

Last year, through the efforts of Mr. Stearns and Mr. Losee, the Roseville Athletic Club alleys were secured. This year it is impossible to obtain these alleys.

There is no doubt, however, that some place will be located in which our boys may show their skill.

It is entirely up to the Athletic Association to see to it that the bowling team is taken care of and has a place in which to practice.

So you men who are stars at picking off the pins, get out and start something!



RUTH KNIPE, *Ch.*
ALBERT BIEDERMAN
JACK BRYDEN

The Mirror has put out a fine Christmas number. The cover design is very appropriate. *Pro Patria* is an interesting department. Why not write something about the boys "over there" in addition to publishing their letters? It would add to the interest. Congratulations to your business manager for his activity in getting "ads."

THE MIRROR,
EMERSON H. S.,
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

The December number of the Trenton *Spectator* is full of snap. "Explaining It to Her" is cleverly written. Athletics are breezy. Your organization notes should be placed under the head of Locals or School Notes. Your cartoons and cover scheme are both good.

THE SPECTATOR,
TRENTON H. S.,
TRENTON, N. J.

The Viking is the best paper that we have received in a long while. It surely is surprising that your school does not properly support a paper of forty-six pages, a cover in four colors, four pages of snap-shots, a page of cartoons, and all the departments as good as can be. You should acknowledge your exchanges. Will you favor us again?

THE VIKING,
NORTHERN H. S.,
DETROIT, MICH.

The Artisan, one of our old friends, is a business-like paper from a businesslike school. It is somewhat different from the regular high school organ, being printed by the students themselves. The jokes, although few, are immense. Where is that table of contents?

THE ARTISAN,
TRADE ED. SHOPS,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

THRIFT PLEDGE.

We, the pupils of Barringer High School:

Hereby Resolve, That we will enter heartily into the spirit of the thrift campaign, and hereby announce our determination to practice self-denial and save money to the utmost of our ability for the purpose of purchasing thrift stamps and thrift certificates as our contribution towards the successful prosecution of the war. And we

Hereby Further Resolve, That it is the sense of this gathering that we enter at once into this practice of thrift, in order that the money which otherwise would be spent for trifles that might well be dispensed with during the Christmas season and thereafter, shall be devoted to the great cause of helping the United States to fight the battles of freedom and to bring about a permanent "Peace on earth, good will to men."

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827 Broad Street ***Newark, N. J.***

In History: Esther F. The postal rates were *increased* from three cents to two cents.

Lazy Stude (to Miss Weiss)—What time is it?
Miss Weiss—Time to study.

Mis(s) Taken—Why do they cheer when a fellow comes off the football field?

Mis(s) Chevious—So that you can't hear what he is saying.—*Ex.*

Perkins—There is only one thing that I object to in our national anthem.

Savage—Traitor—

Perkins—Hold on, who ever heard of a Barringerite getting up to see the "Star Spangled Banner" by the dawn's early light?

Mr. Losee—Who was the *king?*
Wollman—Victoria.

A "flivver" once ran head-on into a trolley car causing the latter some slight damage. The conductor, annoyed at the disturbance, came out and said to the driver of the Ford machine. "You know you can't run under my car with your top on!"—*Ex.*

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc. of THE ACROPOLIS.

Published monthly at Newark, N. J., required by act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Editor, Burke Boyce, 50 Second Avenue.

Business Manager, Alfred J. Lippman, 14 Walnut Street.

Publisher, Pupils of Barringer High School.

Owners, Pupils of Barringer High School.

ALFRED J. LIPPMAN.
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to before me this eighth day of October, 1917.

IRWIN FRIEDLANDER,
Notary Public.

My commission expires, January 20, 1919.

PEGGY BAILEY.

Little (?) Peggy Bailey is so funny,
Her sweet disposition always sunny,
She knows (?) her lessons day by day,
But never knows just what to say.
Now Mr. Bailey is home on Sunday,
Peggy got her card on Monday,
"Tis well," says Peg, "that pa's at sea,
For as I'm pledged for the sorority
I'd like to stay at school a while,
And finish up in Barringer style."

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WRESTLING TOURNAMENT IS OFF.

Chief Broadhead was forced to call off the wrestling tournament which was to have been held during the first two weeks of February, because of the condition of the gym.

It is entirely out of the question for the aspirant wrestlers to work under the conditions of our gym.

We hope, however, that the tournament will be staged some time during the latter part of February or the early part of March.

(K)NIT.

A great crowd filled the street. The trolley stood motionless while the motorman impatiently banged his bell. The large traffic policeman elbowed his way through the throng to a young lady, evidently the center of interest, who stood, knitting on a khaki-colered sweater.

"What do you mean by holding up the traffic this way?" asked the guardian of the law, savagely.

"Oh," said the girl, innocently, "I just dropped a stitch so I had to stop to pick it up."

Mr. Pritchard—How is Herbell doing?

Mr. Dumm—It's ringing all right as far as I know.

1B—How do people get water on the brain?

4A—By washing their ears too much.

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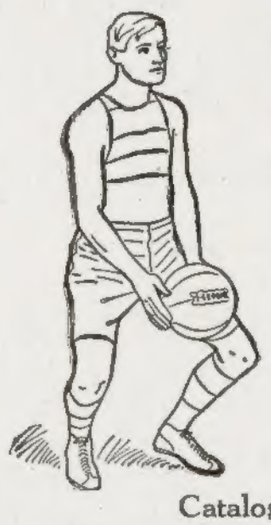

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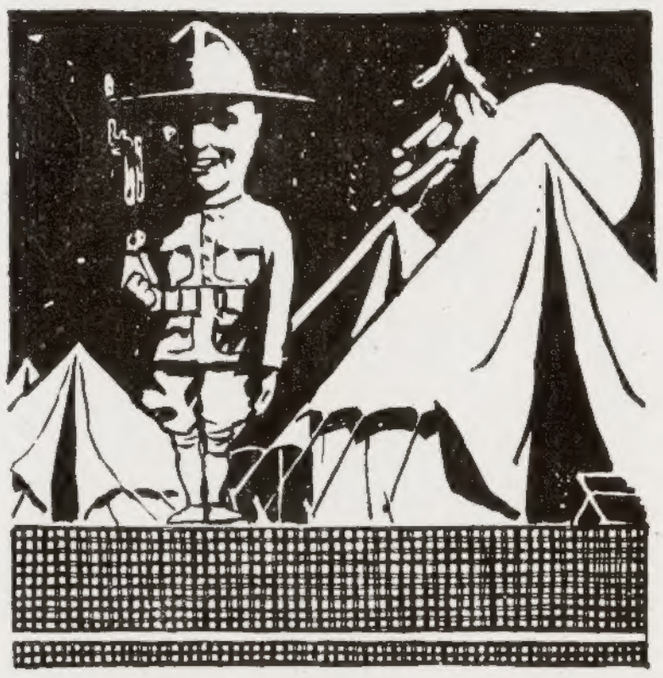

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